

Israel Kamakawiwo'ole

"Flight Of The Killer Bees"

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
That's right, yo, listen

It goes, one for the family, birth from pure sanity
Two for humanity, wrapped up in vanity
Three for reality, escape from the cavity
Make room for clarity, practice solidarity
Do it for the charities, less fortune then tragedies
Hold it down like gravity, don't run with batteries
Toast grapes, smoke weight, I twist a whole eighth
Host my own mixtape, Sunny came to get it straight
Attitude feeling great, your food on the plate
Cash at a fast rate, through every city, country, state
Home to cop real estate, 'menace' like Larenz Tate
Diamond in the glass case, mask with the black face
Hash with that purple eight, yo from that Myrtle gate
Enough to help me meditate, find a team, legislate
Stay moving with planner, you moving out of manners
Slugs peel like bananas through your cameras
Yeah...

Yo, we don't tie while we laced, and sharp with money
traces
Short phone conversations, long with meditations
Good sex, perspirations, musical inspiration
Quiet storm dawn, love song dedications
It's the Chi-Town sorcerer, wizard from course of co-
dodging
The coroner peep the formula, money moving from
Florida
Been observing the game, like a foreigners brain
Cause I'm at war with my oppressors, and this poverty
thing
I'm from the C He Islam, C Allah God Cypher
Where pigs assassinate brothers like snipers
Watch for vapors and the vipers, peace to righteous
and the lifers
I've been hustling, ever since a baby rocking diapers
In the six thousand year reign of the six ounce brain
Who for six hundred years was graphted then became

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